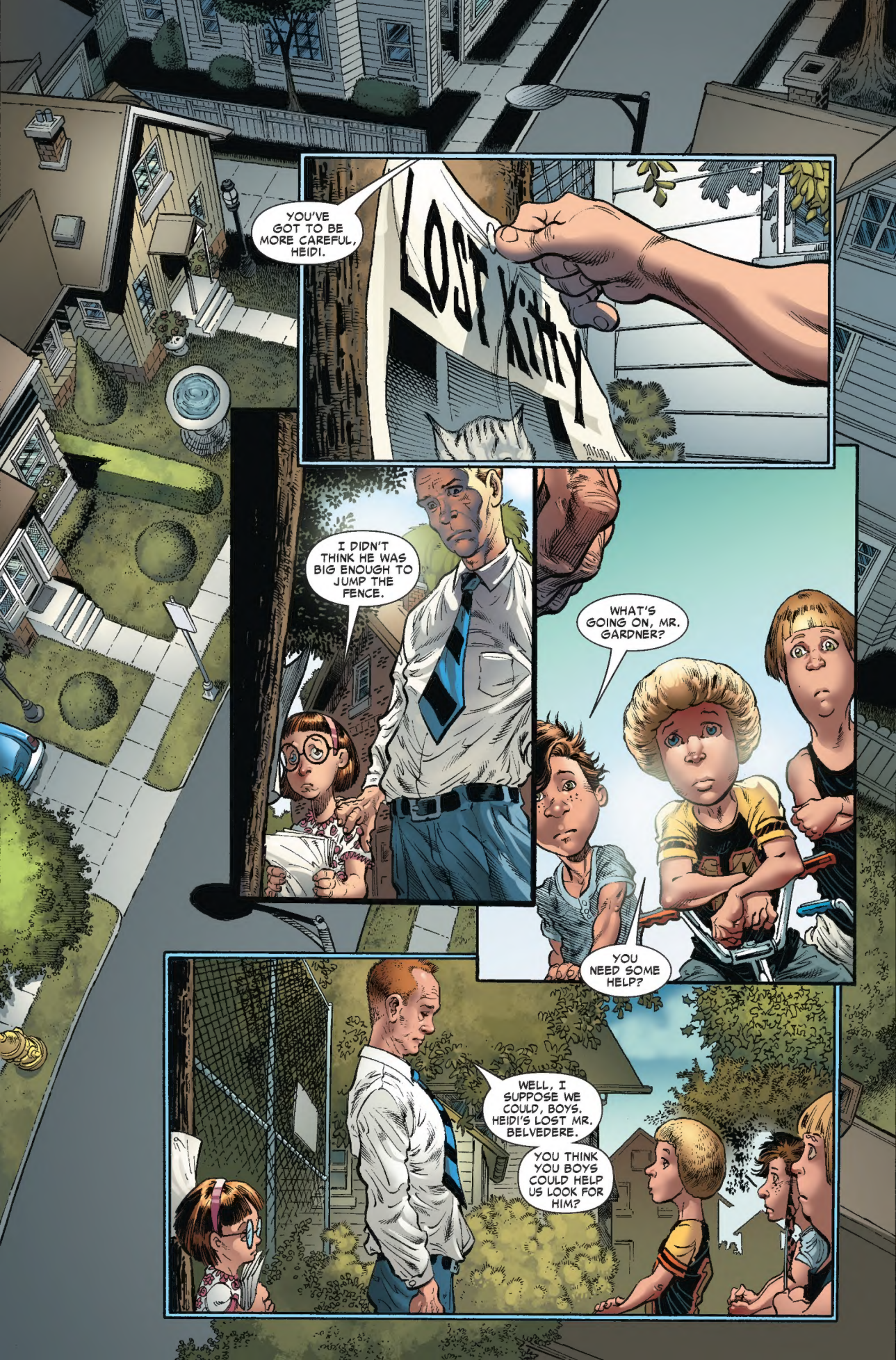
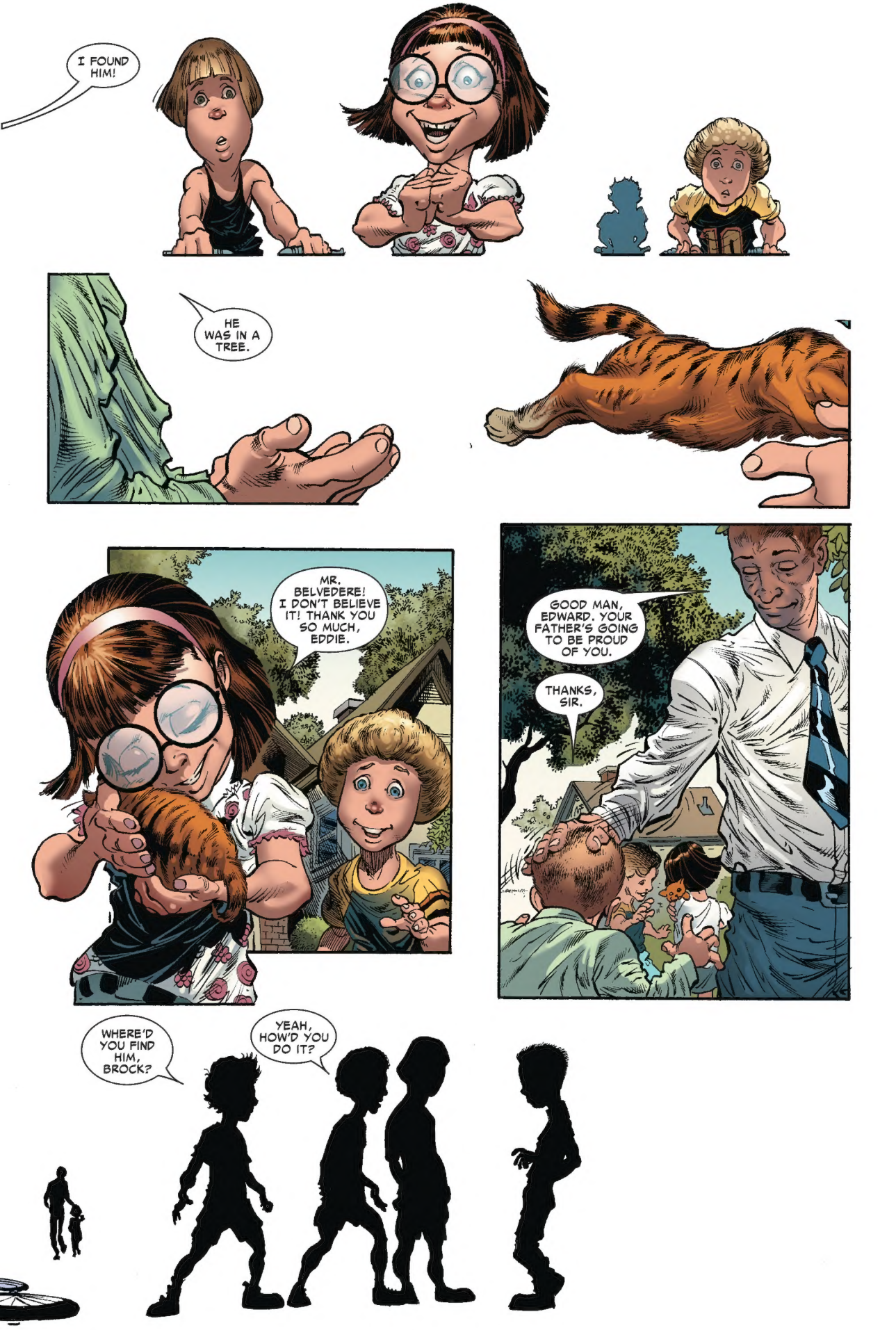
(c) 2010 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. WWW.MARVEL.COM

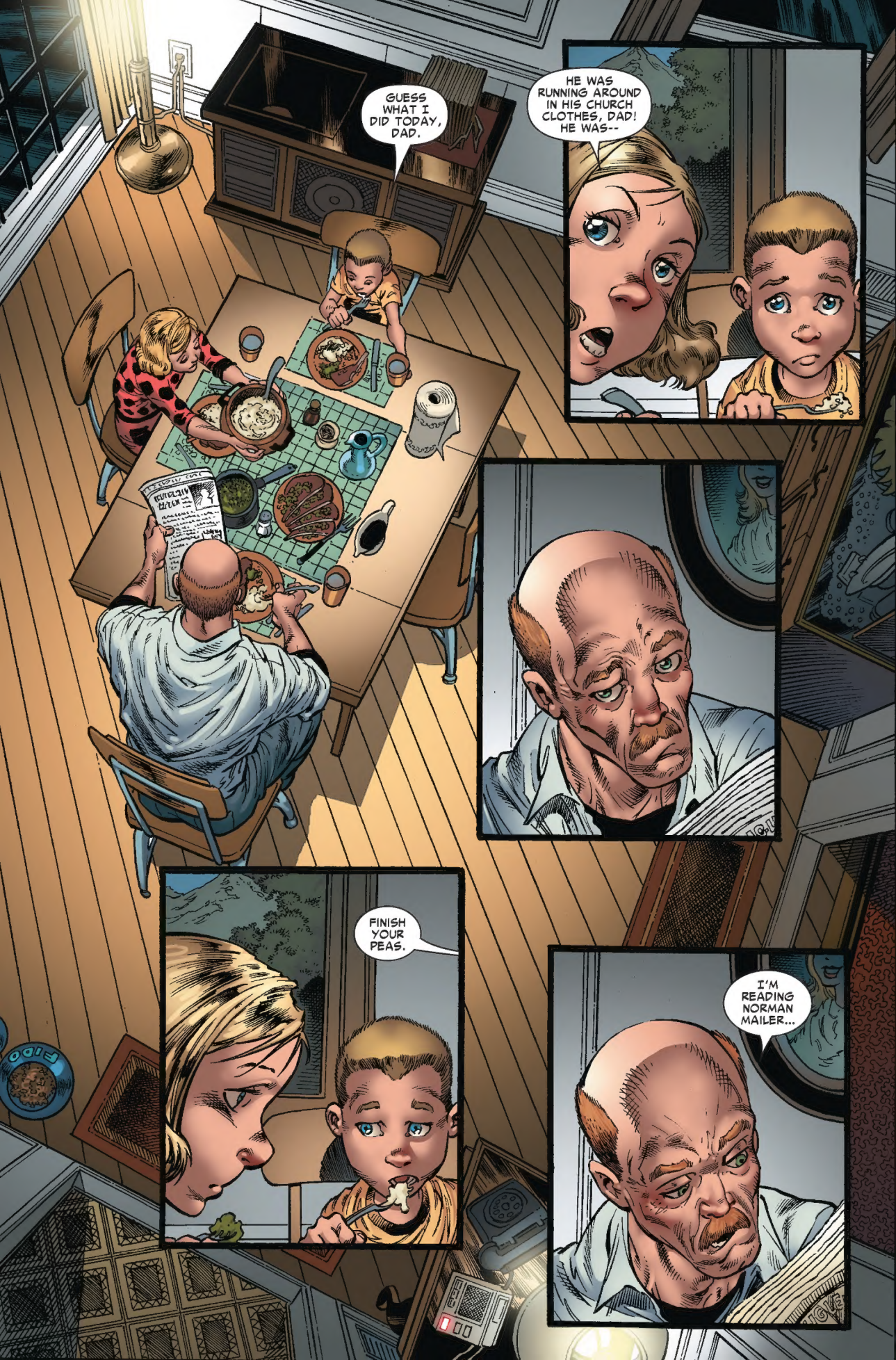

YOU'VE GOT TO BE MORE CAREFUL, HEIDI.
LOST KITTY
I DIDN'T THINK HE WAS BIG ENOUGH TO JUMP THE FENCE.
WHAT'S GOING ON, MR. GARDNER?
YOU NEED SOME HELP?
WELL, I SUPPOSE WE COULD, BOYS. HEIDI'S LOST MR. BELVEDERE.
YOU THINK YOU BOYS COULD HELP US LOOK FOR HIM?

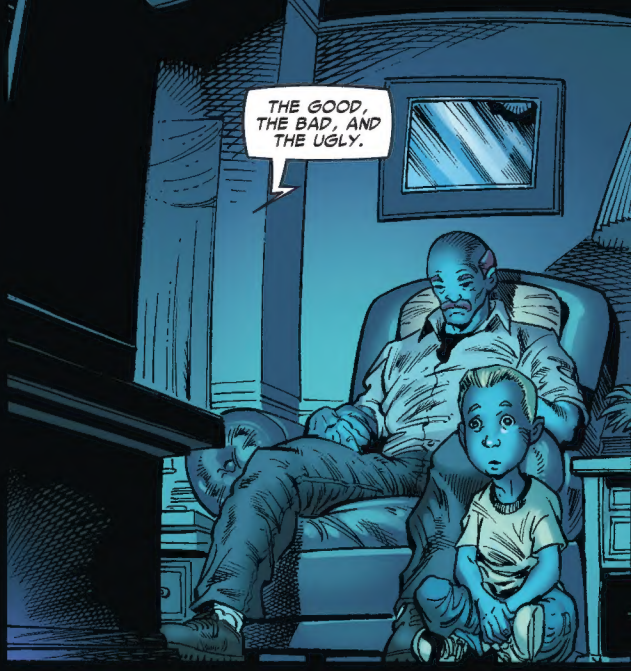
HEY, EDDIE! HEIDI LOST HER CAT AND WE'RE GONNA FIND IT!
REALLY?
MAYBE I CAN HELP.
COME
WHY ARE YOU WEARING LONG SLEEVES, EDDIE? IT'S A HUNDRED DEGREES OUT.
SO?
YOUR CHURCH CLOTHES? IF DAD SEES YOU HE'S GOING TO KILL YOU.
DAD DOESN'T CARE.

IF I HAVE TO WASH YOUR SHIRT BEFORE SUNDAY, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!
WHATEVER.
RUSTLE
MEOW?
HSSSS


I FOUND HIM!
HE WAS IN A TREE.
MR. BELVEDERE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! THANK YOU SO MUCH, EDDIE.
GOOD MAN, EDWARD. YOUR FATHER'S GOING TO BE PROUD OF YOU.
THANKS, SIR.
WHERE'D YOU FIND HIM, BROCK?
YEAH, HOW'D YOU DO IT?

VENOM: DARK ORIGIN
CHAPTER 1
IT WAS EASY...


GUESS WHAT I DID TODAY, DAD.
HE WAS RUNNING AROUND IN HIS CHURCH CLOTHES, DAD! HE WAS--
FINISH YOUR PEAS.
I'M READING NORMAN MAILER...


THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY.

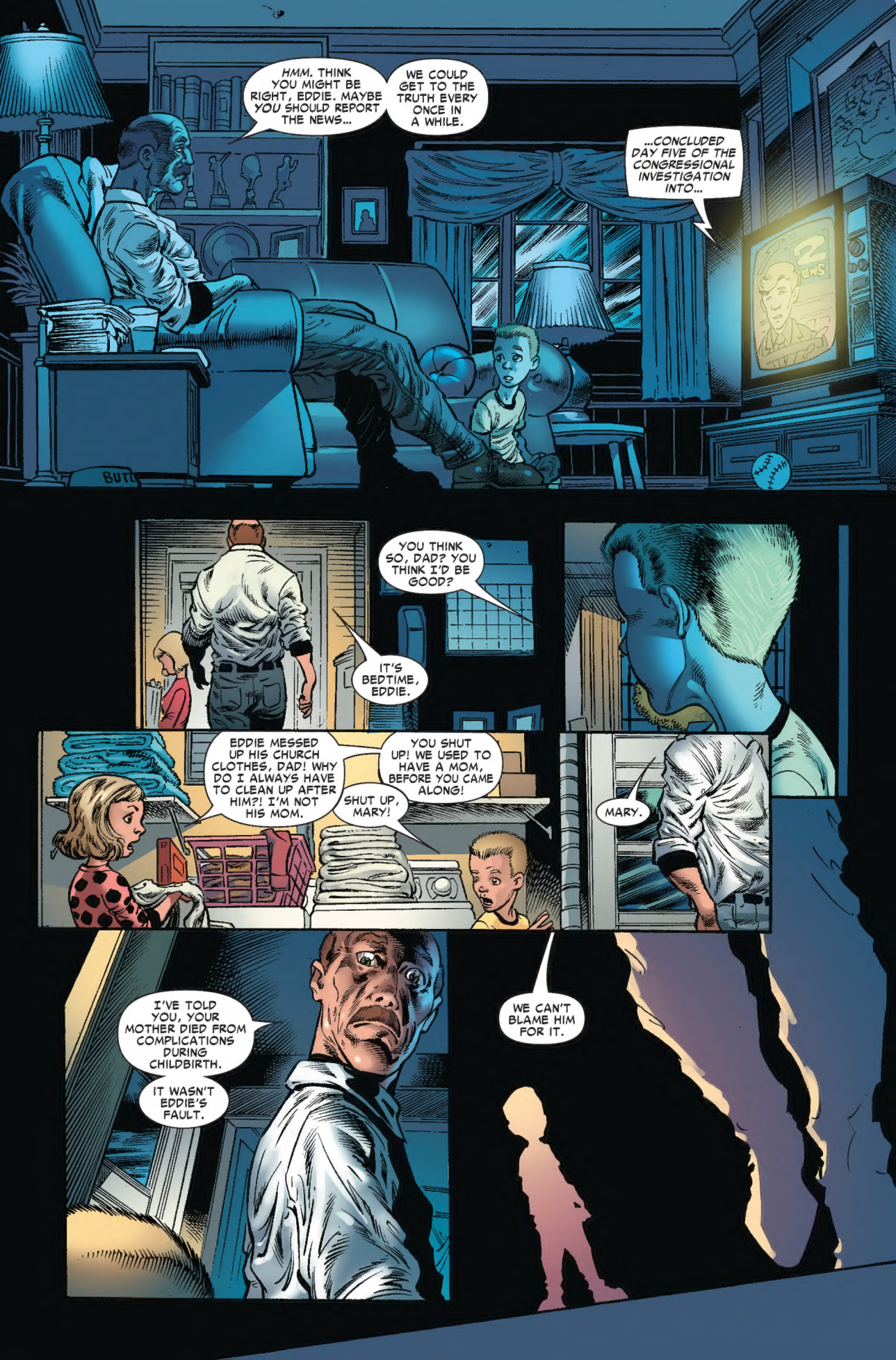
I CAN ASSURE THE MEMBERS OF CONGRESS THAT I CAME HERE TO TELL THE TRUTH...

HE'S LYING.

AND THE TRUTH IS THAT I HAVE NOT, IN THE TWENTY-ODD YEARS I HAVE BEEN IN THE UNIFORMED SERVICES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, EVER VIOLATED AN ORDER.

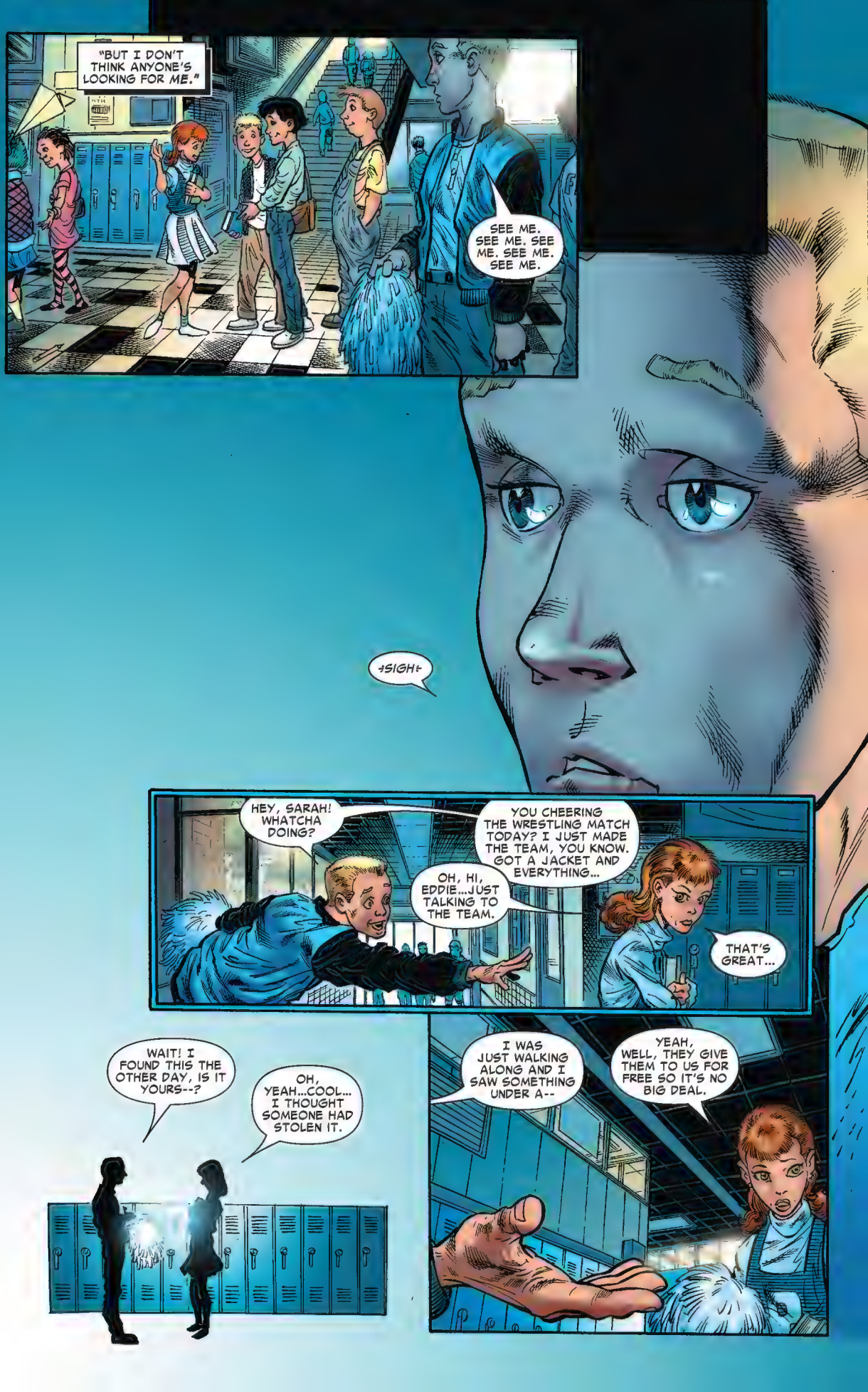
I CAN ALWAYS TELL.

WHAT WAS THAT?
HE'S LYING. CAN'T YOU TELL?
I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANOTHER PERSON IN AMERICA WHO WANTS TO TELL THIS STORY AS MUCH AS I DO.

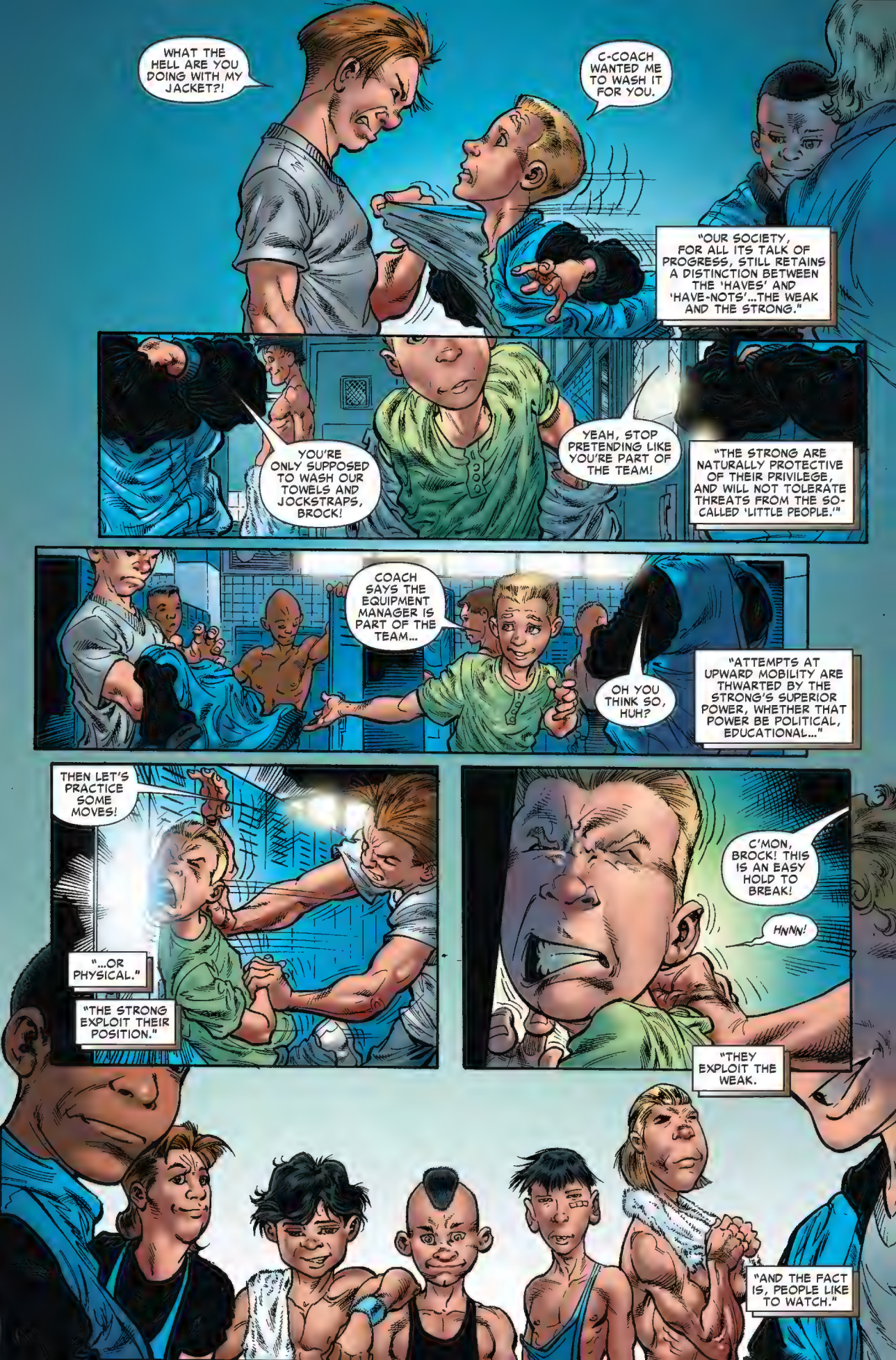

HMM. THINK YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT, EDDIE. MAYBE YOU SHOULD REPORT THE NEWS...
WE COULD GET TO THE TRUTH EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE.
...CONCLUDED DAY FIVE OF THE CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATION INTO...
YOU THINK SO, DAD? YOU THINK I'D BE GOOD?
IT'S BEDTIME, EDDIE.
EDDIE MESSED UP HIS CHURCH CLOTHES, DAD! WHY DO I ALWAYS HAVE TO CLEAN UP AFTER HIM?! I'M NOT HIS MOM.
YOU SHUT UP! WE USED TO HAVE A MOM, BEFORE YOU CAME ALONG!
SHUT UP, MARY!
MARY.
I'VE TOLD YOU, YOUR MOTHER DIED FROM COMPLICATIONS DURING CHILDBIRTH.
IT WASN'T EDDIE'S FAULT.
WE CAN'T BLAME HIM FOR IT.

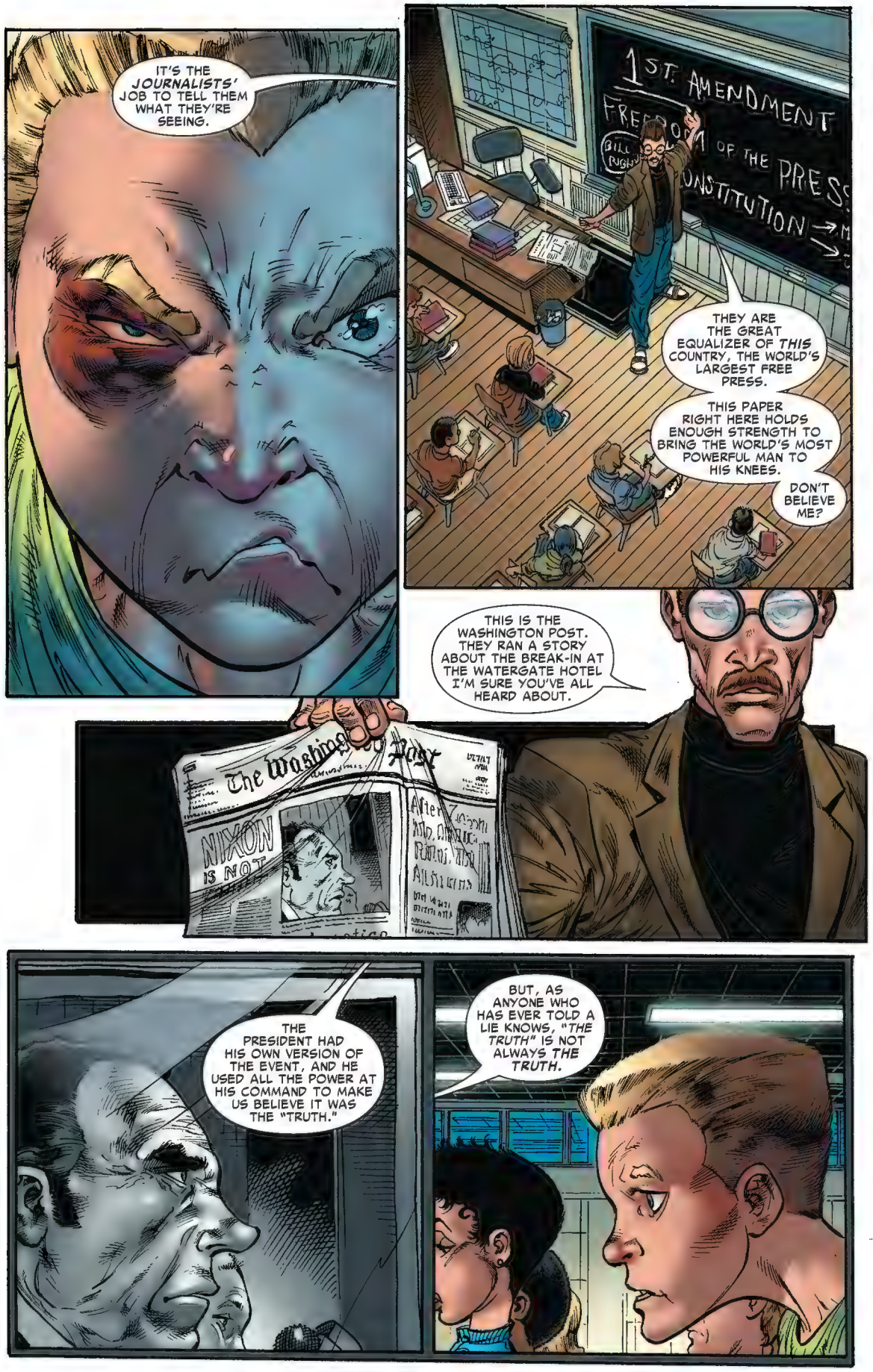
OH, WHAT ARE YOU POUTING ABOUT NOW?!
I CAN TELL...
HE'S LYING...
AND SO REMEMBER THAT WE ARE ALL LOST. WE ARE ALL LACKING SOMETHING.
BUT LET US LOOK FOR THAT WHICH WE THIRST WHERE WE WERE MEANT TO. IN THE EYES OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER...
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, MY BOY?
IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY?
WHAT'S THAT, SON?
IS SHE REALLY MY MOTHER?

I KILLED HER, YOU KNOW. WHEN I CAME OUT.
WELL, AFTER A FASHION, EDDIE, I SUPPOSE SHE IS. THE BLESSED MARY WILL ALWAYS LOOK OVER YOU.
BUT SHE'LL NEVER REPLACE YOUR MOTHER...
OH, EDDIE, YOU DIDN'T KILL YOUR MOTHER, THE LORD TOOK HER HOME.
HE GIVETH AND HE TAKETH AWAY...
BUT HE'LL GIVE YOU THE MEANS TO FILL THE HOLE IN YOUR LIFE...
THE TRICK IS TO LOOK FOR IT.
I DO. I LOOK REALLY HARD...


"BUT I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S LOOKING FOR ME."
SEE ME. SEE ME. SEE ME. SEE ME. SEE ME.
+SIGH+
HEY, SARAH! WHATCHA DOING?
OH, HI, EDDIE...JUST TALKING TO THE TEAM.
YOU CHEERING THE WRESTLING MATCH TODAY? I JUST MADE THE TEAM, YOU KNOW. GOT A JACKET AND EVERYTHING...
THAT'S GREAT...
I WAS JUST WALKING ALONG AND I SAW SOMETHING UNDER A--
YEAH, WELL, THEY GIVE THEM TO US FOR FREE SO IT'S NO BIG DEAL.
WAIT! I FOUND THIS THE OTHER DAY, IS IT YOURS--?
OH, YEAH...COOL... I THOUGHT SOMEONE HAD STOLEN IT.

SEE YA, EDDIE.
SARAH, WAIT...
DON'T LEAVE.
EDDIE... LET GO OF ME.
OH, YEAH, SORRY...
I'VE GOT WRESTLING PRACTICE ANYWAY, SO...
HEY! BROCK!


WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING WITH MY JACKET?!
C-COACH WANTED ME TO WASH IT FOR YOU.
"OUR SOCIETY, FOR ALL ITS TALK OF PROGRESS, STILL RETAINS A DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE 'HAVES' AND 'HAVE-NOTS'...THE WEAK AND THE STRONG."
YOU'RE ONLY SUPPOSED TO WASH OUR TOWELS AND JOCKSTRAPS, BROCK!
YEAH, STOP PRETENDING LIKE YOU'RE PART OF THE TEAM!
"THE STRONG ARE NATURALLY PROTECTIVE OF THEIR PRIVILEGE, AND WILL NOT TOLERATE THREATS FROM THE SO-CALLED 'LITTLE PEOPLE.'"
COACH SAYS THE EQUIPMENT MANAGER IS PART OF THE TEAM...
OH YOU THINK SO, HUH?
"ATTEMPTS AT UPWARD MOBILITY ARE THWARTED BY THE STRONG'S SUPERIOR POWER, WHETHER THAT POWER BE POLITICAL, EDUCATIONAL..."
THEN LET'S PRACTICE SOME MOVES!
"...OR PHYSICAL."
"THE STRONG EXPLOIT THEIR POSITION."
C'MON, BROCK! THIS IS AN EASY HOLD TO BREAK!
HNNN!
"THEY EXPLOIT THE WEAK.
"AND THE FACT IS, PEOPLE LIKE TO WATCH."


IT'S THE JOURNALISTS' JOB TO TELL THEM WHAT THEY'RE SEEING.
1ST AMENDMENT
BILL OF RIGHTS
CONSTITUTION
THEY ARE THE GREAT EQUALIZER OF THIS COUNTRY, THE WORLD'S LARGEST FREE PRESS.
THIS PAPER RIGHT HERE HOLDS ENOUGH STRENGTH TO BRING THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MAN TO HIS KNEES.
DON'T BELIEVE ME?
THIS IS THE WASHINGTON POST. THEY RAN A STORY ABOUT THE BREAK-IN AT THE WATERGATE HOTEL I'M SURE YOU'VE ALL HEARD ABOUT.
The Washington Post
NIXON IS NOT
THE PRESIDENT HAD HIS OWN VERSION OF THE EVENT, AND HE USED ALL THE POWER AT HIS COMMAND TO MAKE US BELIEVE IT WAS THE "TRUTH."
BUT, AS ANYONE WHO HAS EVER TOLD A LIE KNOWS, "THE TRUTH" IS NOT ALWAYS THE TRUTH.

THE POST REPORTERS, WITH IMPECCABLE JOURNALISM, WROTE A SERIES OF STORIES IN THIS VERY PAPER, ADVANCING ANOTHER VERSION OF EVENTS.
BILL OF RIGHTS
AND AS ALWAYS THE PEOPLE WERE WATCHING... READING... LISTENING...
AND WHEN THE DUST SETTLED, THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN AMERICA HAD BEEN BROUGHT DOWN BY TWO REPORTERS.
SEMESTER FINALS
YOU SEE, THE MOST IMPORTANT BATTLE BETWEEN THE HAVES AND HAVE-NOTS IS THE BATTLE FOR THE TRUTH. OR MORE SPECIFICALLY, WHO GETS TO DECIDE WHAT THAT IS.
IT IS THE JOURNALISTS' RESPONSIBILITY TO GIVE THE LAST WORD ON WHAT IS "FACT" AND WHAT IS "FICTION."
PRESIDENTS LEAD NATIONS, CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY MAKE BILLIONS, BUT JOURNALISTS...
JOURNALISTS GET TO SAY WHAT'S TRUE.

WELCOME TO ESU, EDWARD. I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE ENROLLED IN THE JOURNALISM PROGRAM.
ESU
VERNON WEIMER
DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS
I-IS THERE A PROBLEM?
OH, I'M SURE THERE'S NOT. I JUST NEED TO CLEAR UP A DISCREPANCY IN YOUR APPLICATION.
IT SAYS YOU DID AN INTERNSHIP AT THE SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE?
YES.
QUITE IMPRESSIVE FOR A HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT. BUT THE NUMBER YOU LISTED FOR YOUR REFERENCE LED TO THE CUSTODIAL OFFICE.
THAT'S NOT RIGHT. LET ME CHECK... NO, THAT'S THE RIGHT NUMBER...THEY WERE DOING SOME RENOVATIONS WHEN I LEFT...
I-IS THIS GOING TO AFFECT MY ACCEPTANCE?
NO, NO... I'M SURE IT CAN BE REMEDIED. THIS KIND OF STUFF HAPPENS ALL THE TIME.
I'LL CALL THE CHRONICLE AND GET YOUR REFERENCE'S EXTENSION NUMBER. JUST TO PUT THE SCHOLARSHIP OFFICE AT EASE.
TH-THANK YOU, SIR.
DON'T MENTION IT.

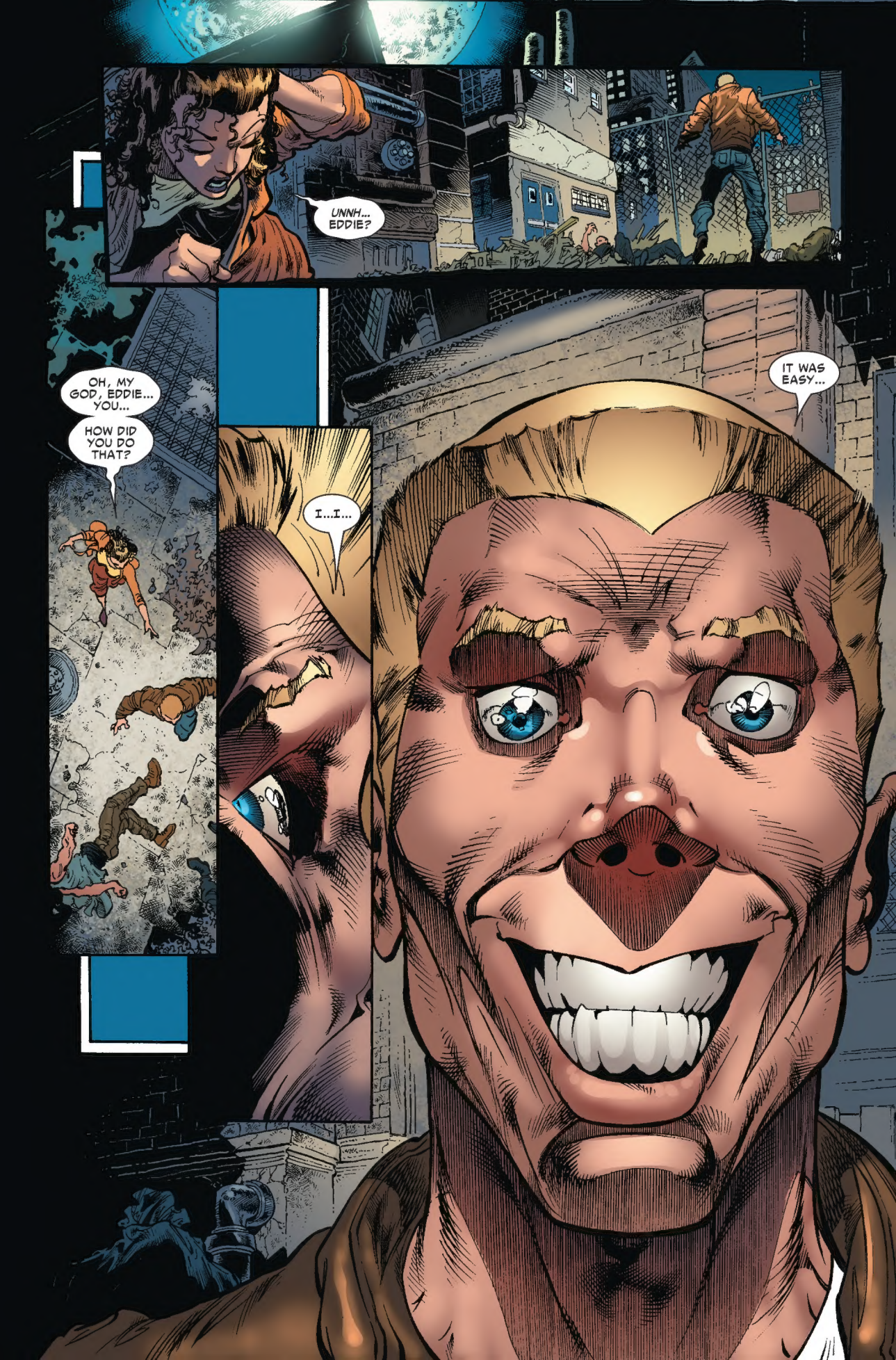
NO NO NO...
NO NO NO...
GIVE ME THAT PHONE!
HRK!
WHOA--!
I'M SORRY, THIS IS IMPORTANT!
P-PLEASE...
HELLO, YES...YES, CAN I SPEAK TO VERNON WEIMER, IN ADMISSIONS? TH-THIS IS WARREN SIMPSON FROM THE SAN FRANCISO CHRONICLE...
DON'T WORRY, EUGENE.
I'VE GOT THIS.
W-WAIT--!

YOU OWE ME A QUARTER.
HEY GUYS, EVERYONE JUST RELAX.
DO...DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE?
DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU'RE MESSING WITH? I'M THE HEAD OF R.O.T.C.! I COULD KILL YOU RIGHT NOW IF I WANTED--!
STOP IT! WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU?!
JUST LEAVE, YOU TWO!
ESU DOESN'T EVEN HAVE R.O.T.C.!
LET IT GO. HE'S CRAZY.
ARE YOU ON DRUGS OR SOMETHING?
I...NO... IT'S JUST, THE ADMISSIONS OFFICE SAID...
SEE, I'M NEW HERE AND...
HEY, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD HELP ME FIND MY PLACE?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I THINK I SHOULD BE GOING.
I'M NEW HERE...I'M LIVING OFF-CAMPUS AND I CAN'T FIND MY PLACE.
COME ON, I JUST NEED A LITTLE HELP, I'M DYING HERE.
Later...
I MEAN, I THINK THAT'S THE COOL PART ABOUT BEING A JOURNALIST... YOU GET TO MAKE THE TRUTH.
YEAH, EDDIE, THAT'S THE THIRD TIME YOU'VE SAID THAT.

THIS IS RIDICULOUS... A-ARE YOU SURE YOU LIVE THIS FAR NORTH? THIS IS A REALLY BAD NEIGHBORHOOD.
EH, YOU'RE RIGHT...WE'RE NEVER GOING TO FIND THIS PLACE. WE SHOULD HEAD BACK TO MY DORM.
W-WHAT?
YEAH... MAYBE I'M IN THE DORMS AFTER ALL...MAYBE I JUST WANTED TO SPEND SOME TIME WITH YOU.
ARE YOU CRAZY? DO YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS THIS IS?
RELAX...
DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? I'M IN R.O.T.C!
EDDIE!
KRACK!
HNNNN.
HELP! ANYONE!
DO SOMETH--!
SMACK!
P-PLEASE... JUST LEAVE ME ALONE.
TAKE THE GIRL... I WON'T SAY ANYTHING...

THAT'S RIGHT. HARD TO TALK WITHOUT A TONGUE.
IT'S NO PICNIC WITH A BROKEN JAW, EITHER!
BUT BELIEVE ME...

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT!
I'D TAKE FIFTH HOME. I'VE BEEN PATROLLING IT PRETTY HARD THE LAST COUPLE OF NIGHTS.
D-DON'T COME ANY CLOSER...
WHATEVER. JUST REMEMBER: FIFTH AVENUE. I'D STAY AND HOLD YOUR HAND, BUT I'M LATE.
CALL THE COPS FOR ME, WOULD YA?


UNNH... EDDIE?
OH, MY GOD, EDDIE... YOU...
HOW DID YOU DO THAT?
I...I...
IT WAS EASY...

NEXT ISSUE

(c) 2010 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.